

THE STANDARD

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Photo by Chickering.

HOWARD SISTERS,

one of whom refused to wear tights, and the husband of another registered his disapproval against the burlesque stage, so the partnership of three was dissolved by mutual consent. They look so much alike that they cannot be identified from a photograph.

Morrison



ZELDA SEARS,

the social leader. Fact. But Eddysville, the scene of her exploits, is confined to "Lovers' Lane," Clyde Fitch's play, in which Miss Sears is cast as Mrs. Hosea Brown.

The Standard in Gay Paree

Now on the Stands is the most complete symposium of striking French beauty ever published. This quarterly edition of THE STANDARD consists of twenty-eight pages of the lively and daring specimens of picturography for which Paris artists are famous. It includes Letuce, the famous model; Mlle. X., Mme. Mordant, Lambelli, Lucy Gerard, the Fleurons, De Vellers, Mauvette, Marie Studholme (English), Nanon, Haygate, Chatelet, and scores of others known in the world of beauty and sensation at the gay French capital.

All for 25 Cents.



EVELYN CARTER,

aspiring to have it chronicled that Miss Evelyn Carter has or will or intends so-and-so. That's as far as she has got, but she is a young lady not easily discouraged.

THE STANDARD.

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**AS WE SEE IT.**

Gambling in society. Gambling on the Stock Exchange. Gambling houses all closed. "Honest John" Kelly broke. When the historian of the first part of the Twentieth Century comes to write a history of the condition of morals in this day and generation he'll be a bit puzzled. As for us, poor children of the hour, we've long since given up trying to find out where we are at. Most of us find out that life itself is a game of chance in which the chances are few—and some one else has them.

Here's to Mae Bowman! She has started to walk from Chicago to New York, and if she gets to the metropolis by June 25th she'll get \$500. If she fails to arrive by that time she'll be in New York. Mae took no chances at all. She's bound to be a winner either way. Just to be in New York instead of in Chicago is as sweet as getting money from home.

The Tsar wants to hold another Peace Conference. Think of that for an exhibition of undaunted courage! The last Peace Conference was followed by wars which involved all the civilized nations of the world, and now the promoter wants another one! If His Tsarlets were in this country he'd be in the eligible list to become a theatrical manager.

Queen Wilhelmina picked a husband for herself and, when she found he had a fine old collection of debts, up and told him to get somebody to pay 'em, for she wouldn't. Thereupon a syndicate was

formed to liquidate the obligations of Henry, the spouse. This is a straight tip for American girls who marry titles, and it is one of the few syndicates that will have approbation of all classes of society.

Sardou's daughter is engaged to Count Robert de Flers, and the count is a playwright. Now let's see how this plot will be worked out. An absolutely inconspicuous married career would be something startling in the line of novelty.

"Auld Lang Syne" was strictly in it not long since. The audience at one of Sousa's concerts sang it; its strains were the last heard as the Star Theater closed its doors for the last time, and Mr. Millionaire-Salary-Schwab made a gift of \$1,000 to an old servitor "for Auld Lang Syne." Splendid advertising all this for a popular song, but, unfortunately, there is no copyright, and the author has been dead lang syne.

Hetty Green recently wrote an article to explain "Why Women Do Not Get Rich." She said: "Women like to spend money, but they do not know how to make it. This certainly explains the thing fully, but if Mrs. Green depended on her writings to make a living and turned out such rot as that she'd demonstrate the latter part of her assertion and would never have a chance to prove the former part of it. To think that a woman of brains can put such trash into print. Bah!"

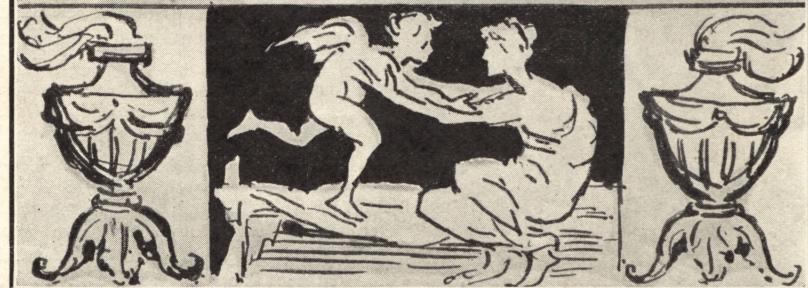
The Russians were recently announced to be in front of Tsi Tsi Bar. If one of them went home and tried to tell his wife he had been at that bar on duty he would get the ha! ha!

Boston recently had a milk famine. Luckily the Hub is not dependent upon the lowing Kine for the esculent bean. Boston without beans is, as one of the pet metaphysicians would say, "unthinkable."

Mrs. Jane E. Robbins said at a mother's meeting the other day that the way to get along with servants was to hire only those that had families of from three to five children. Here is a remedy indeed that makes the disease look positively alluring by contrast.

Bishop Potter very recently accepted an invitation to go to the University of Pennsylvania and do a monologue. In the course of his sketch he said things about Philadelphia that the audience did not like. Now it so happens that the University is the annual recipient of \$300,000 from a public fund, and those whom the bishop offended are trying to hold this amount up. If they succeed Bishop Potter will hold the record for being the highest priced monologuist.

Gladys Burns was already married when she decided that she would take a second husband. Gladys Burns on being arrested confessed, and said "hypnotism." What's in a name. Theft is kleptomania; drunkenness, dipsomania; arson, pyromania. So why not call bigamy, hypnotism? One word is as good as another, provided that this sort of hypnotism is punishable by law just as plain old bigamy used to be.



YVEN CHATALET,

a very daring Frenchwoman. Her bravery in the ordinary sense might be questioned, however, as it is confined to rendering very broad songs in Paris music halls. However, the songs are daring enough to deter a less courageous woman from singing them.



Photo by Morrison.

MABEL HOWARD,
the young graduate from a school of
acting who first appeared as *Mme. Du-*
frene and is to star next season in "The
Heart of Maryland."



Photo by Schloss.

MISS C. POWELL,
another of Edna May's escort to other
shores. Chorus girls are not numbered,
but an initial saves trouble where there are
several of the same name.

The Meddler.

A humane and benevolent proposition to extend to poor, unprotected chorus girls, the sheltering protection and cut-rate home comforts of Boston's new home for working girls, has been received with disheartening apathy by the proposed beneficiaries. There is to be a transient guest department in this unique caravansary where a young woman in moderate circumstances may be housed and fed for from \$3.50 to \$5 a week. The projectors thought a very considerable patronage might be worked up among the chorus girl contingent, particularly as many of the light, farcical, musical and burlesque entertainments go into Boston for extended runs. They naturally figured that girls earning only from \$12 to \$15 a week would be glad to secure respectable accommodations at a merely nominal sum, and thereby be enabled to send a little more home to mother every Monday. An informal canvas, merely intended to sound the sense of the chorus girl profession was quietly instituted among some of the large visiting organizations recently and the result was distinctly discouraging. Just ninety-nine per cent. of the damsels interrogated sniffed indignantly and tossed their heads in derision at the mere idea. It savored too much of char-

ity. No self-respecting chorus girl desires to be a pensioner upon public bounty. She would infinitely prefer to be the recipient of individual generosity. When Saturday night comes, and the gentlemanly clerk takes from her box and hands to her, along with her key, the formidable envelope containing a hotel bill aggregating three times her weekly stipend, there is usually within hail some pallid collegian with a cigarette who esteems it an honor to be able to extend a temporary accommodation. The working girl's hotel will be all right for salesladies, stenographers and art students who are content with a dairy kitchen regime of milk, weak tea, Graham bread, baked beans and crullers like mother used to make. But a chorus girl requires something more nourishing, and the Hotel Reynard's cuisine of shell fish, succulent steaks *a la Sam Ward*, with the tempting little French entrees and side dishes, not to mention a generous and well selected wine list, is better calculated to meet her modest requirements.

The tyrant woman has received a well merited setback in the courts. There is a faint glow of light in down-trodden man's domestic horizon. Under the new judicial ruling that even the meanest of married male creatures is possessed of god-given and constitutional rights that his wife cannot wrest from him, a gentleman with a domestic grievance was sentenced to three months imprisonment for disorderly conduct in his own home. This was police court justice, but a higher tribunal has, upon appeal, sustained the point that a man cannot, in the eye of the law, be guilty of disorderly conduct beneath his own roof. This decision is good sense and good law—the two are usually synonymous—and will be warmly approved by all of us who have been deterred from smashing things at home, even under the gravest provocation, by a cringing, abject fear of conviction, with the added horrors of publicity and punishment. The outlook for the average married man begins to look distinctly brighter and more hopeful.

It will be something like living when we can go home after the lodge meeting and kick in the front door, inhospitably barred and chained, and feel reasonably assured that we will not be humiliated by the sounding of a police call from the front window of the sacred apartment which shelters the conjugal couch. A married man will have more respect for himself when he dares to say his soul is his own, and break the furniture if the pie is too rare or the steak is overdone. And this without fear of being loaded into a patrol wagon, with one fat policeman sitting upon the victim's stomach and another upon his head, and a rabble of howling small boys tagging along behind to the station house cell, damp, ill-furnished and filled with bed bugs and microbes. The upholding of a man's inviolate right to rough house his own home is the most humane operation of the law since the decision that a husband cannot be convicted of stealing from his own wife.

(Continued on page 6.)



Photo by Schloss.

LOUISE MONTI,
one of Edna May's retinue in "The Girl
from Up There," and now with the com-
pany in London, dazzling the eyes of Eng-
lish Johnnies.



Copyright by Gessford.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT,
back from a singing tour abroad and en-
gaged to sing in a circuit through Cuba,
Yucatan and New Mexico for Lederer
and Leavitt.



PHYLLIS
LA FOND,

whose combination of name and picture is something of a fraud in deluding the public. The picture is not a copy of a famous painting, nor is the subject the creation of an artist's dreamy fancy. It is simply the result of Phyllis La Fond's whim in casually "dropping in" at Sarony's one bright morning and sitting for a picture. Miss Phyllis was one of Hoffman Berry's string of beauties at the Weber & Fields' Music Hall and presumably wanted some token to send to a country cousin or other distant relative or friend. Anyhow, this is Phyllis La Fond, chorus girl, salary nominal, talent—well, she's just a chorus girl, that's all.



LILLIAN OLIVER.



GRACE CAMERON.



JENNIE DAILY.



MAMIE DUNN.

The old timers cannot last always, despite their self-denials and the ministrations of the beauty doctors, but there is a reserve squad of pretty and clever young women who are only wasting time and opportunity to give us all a few new sensations. Little Edna Aug, who has battled against big odds and brought herself to the front by sheer force of pluck, hard work and talent, is perhaps the brightest and most promising of the new school. She has the nervous, intense, artistic temperament, a remarkable sense of humor and a distinct personality. Without these qualities she could not have compelled favor for over three months at the New York, a longer period than was ever allotted to a



Photo by Sarony.

ELLA GILROY
in a polka-dot dream. Whether the costume, pattern or the state of mind the wearer affects is intended to be the more prominent feature of the picture is a point undetermined. Presumably the polka-dots, for if Miss Gilroy is dreaming she is talking in her sleep, and young ladies who are careful of their diet and keep good hours—as she does—are not troubled with sleeps so freaky as to make them look awake. So it may be inferred that Miss Gilroy is far away from the Land of Nod and is eminently satisfied with herself and her old-fashioned "poker-dot."

single entertainer at this kaleidoscopic plan of amusement resort. David Belasco, whose keen intuition concerning stage people has never yet been at fault, has his managerial eye upon Miss Aug, and when he takes her in hand, as he will do shortly, another bright girl's dream of higher legitimate distinction will "come true."

And now young ladies this will be about all to-day. You will have the goodness to admit that some very nice things have been said about you considering the fact that the person who hurls verbal bouquets at your fair feet is a morose and moody misanthrope like

THE MEDDLER.



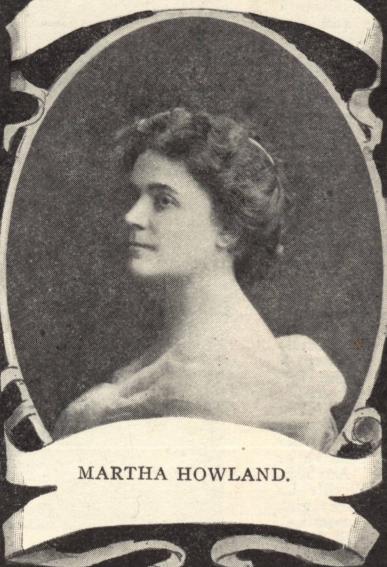
ELIZABETH DELANEY.



CLARA PALMER.



MIRIAM NESBITT.



MARTHA HOWLAND.



WOMEN WELL KNOWN IN THE GAY WORLD OF PARIS.



Photo by Sarony.

MINNIE ASHLEY,

who is seen above, is the naive and dainty Dudley, Poppy's maid, in "San Toy," whose eyesight, it was thought, was ruined by the limelights, but who was cured and returned to her part in that tuneful opera. Miss Ashley was an artists' model in Boston before entering the operatic field, beginning with the De Wolf Hopper Opera company. Her sweet and winning manner of singing the "Pagoda" song in "San Toy" contributed not a little to the latter's success. Much of her time off the stage was spent in study and reading, and this tax upon her eyes, with the nightly glare of limelights, forced her to abandon her place in the cast in January. During a course of treatment by a famous oculist her eyesight disappeared entirely, and she was at once removed to a sanitarium, where her eyesight was restored, but not until two months had elapsed. Miss Ashley has eyes of abnormal size, and to that fact was due her trouble, as the large eye, oculists say, is more susceptible to injury from the fierce glare of artificial light.



Photo by Sarony.

LYDIA FILKINS,

whose picture is shown below, was born of theatrical stock. She has been educated with the idea of having her talents directed elsewhere than toward the stage, but Miss Filkins, it is reported, is determined to follow the profession of her mother. This difference of opinion is said to be an unsettled matter in the family. The mother's second husband is Commander Adolph Marix, U. S. N. Until he was ordered to Manila in March, in charge of one of Uncle Sam's ships of war, Mrs. Marix was leading support to Otis Skinner. The grief incident to Commander Marix's departure led the wife to relinquish the stage for a time and give her attention to resting and the shedding of tears. How the enforced absence of the head of the family will affect Miss Filkins' determination to "follow the stage" is a matter upon which no authoritative information can be obtained.

That Artless Girl.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

SARAH COOGAN

believes in wearing a multiplicity of badges illustrative of her ability to dance in Scotch, Dutch, French and Italian. Miss Coogan admits she cannot speak such a diversity of tongues, though she can dance them and wear something indicative of each.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

MAE HARRIS,

whose picture is published in response to a person who writes from Bath, N. Y., and signs his name "Charlie H." On the chance that he is the original and notable Charlie Horse, the request is granted, but he will have to supply his own details as to Miss Mae's personality. Her name is not on the list of theatric fame, though she is "in the profession."



FLORENCE AVERELL,

a seaside fairy. No undue liberty is possible in referring to her as such, for she is so listed in "The Burgomaster" programmes. The description is a misnomer just the same, for Miss Averell is sufficiently advanced in the profession to say "the shore." Girls of smaller salary go to the seaside.



Photo by Sarony.



very pretty, Miss Goldbags, and of course her family is blue-blooded to a degree. It was an ideal match, uniting two great fortunes, two fine families, and two very handsome young people.

Everything would have been charming, and for once the course of true love would have run smooth if Gertie Goldbags hadn't been possessed of an awful and abnormal curiosity which inspired her with a frantic desire to attend Jack's bachelor party. "Let us not be separated on the last evening before we are married," she pleaded; "let me hide in a corner somewhere and hear the nice things you say about the bride-elect." Jack was horrified. He had planned a sort of affair at which several young ladies of spectacular habits were to do song and dances—quite the sort Gertie Goldbags would disapprove. He didn't tell her so, of course. On the contrary, he assured her that the evening was bound to be a stupid bore, and would not be interesting at all to a bright and charming girl. That was a fine touch. Jack felt sure that "bright and charming" would be persuasive enough to induce Gertie to abandon her intention of graceing his farewell to bachelorhood. Therein he proved that he didn't know his little fiancee.

JACK ASTOR GOULD will give a bachelor dinner to-night, and I sincerely hope it will not turn out like the first bachelor dinner of which he was host.

Jack was engaged to Miss Goldbags, of Boston. Miss Goldbags, as you know, was frightfully rich and frigidly rigid. Freddy Gibbert used to call her "the girl from up there," because she always suggested icebergs. She was very,

MAY BUCKLEY, the living target shot at by young Moulton in the Pabst rathskeller. She denied intimate acquaintance with him, and sought to recover her effects in his flat. A prayer book and an insurance policy, the newspapers said, were all she got. Miss Buckley is evidently of a sensible turn of mind



Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

LILLIE SUTHERLAND,

whose last name suggests the wholesale conquests won by the Miss Sutherland of a decade ago. The present one is every inch a soubrette and as she is of ample measurement, she will not be handicapped in attaining the same favor as did her namesake.



ONE DOLLAR SAVED.

There's no "short cut to fortune," but there is to the stage, if a girl has been careless in loitering near the street door during a change of scene and wants to join the other girls before the manager sees her and imposes a fine for tardiness. She concludes, therefore, that a dollar is worth climbing for.



MAUD MULLER,

a Casino girl who is permitted to wear a skirt, made en train, in "Florodora." Miss Muller denies the assertion that good clothes are so foreign to a chorus girl that she cannot handle a train properly until after long practice and that she then gets tangled in it at times.



Photos by White.

FLORENCE CLEMONS AND HER PET PUP.

It is not known that the pup interfered with Miss Clemons' domestic bliss, but something did, and prompted her liege lord to flourish a revolver in suicidal proximity to his head in a swell up-town restaurant. Waiters interfered and in the midst of spilled cocktails and tears and broken crockery Miss Clemons and her spouse agreed to forget the incident. Probably the weapon was not loaded, but Miss Clemons evidently preferred to take chances on a live partner rather than a dead one.

Miss Goldbags said not a word, but when the revelry was at its height, she suddenly dawned on the scene. It certainly was inopportune! Lena Barrington was sprinkling Jack's head with the last remaining dregs of champagne out of a magnum from which she had evidently drank not wisely, but too well. Mlle. Fleurelle was vainly trying to kick out the gas, and la petite Blanche was singing an indescribably naughty song to an accompaniment drummed by Freddy Gibert, when Miss Goldbags appeared. She was accompanied by her mother and Jack's sister, and the faces of the trio were studies when they fell upon the scene. Miss Goldbags fell into immediate and vociferous hysterics. When she recovered she refused positively to marry poor Jack.

The papers next morning declared that Miss Goldbags, on the eve of her wedding, had been seized with mumps, or measles, or some such infantile malady, and she sailed for Europe the following week.

Jack will marry little Tessy Crocker to-morrow, I suppose, if Tessy doesn't go to his bachelor dinner to-night. I wonder if she will?

DELL.

Not Guilty.

A man lately wandered into a hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested.

"Oh!" replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night from insomnia."

The landlord was mad in a minute and roared:

"I'll bet you a dollar there ain't one in my house."





MAZIE KING,

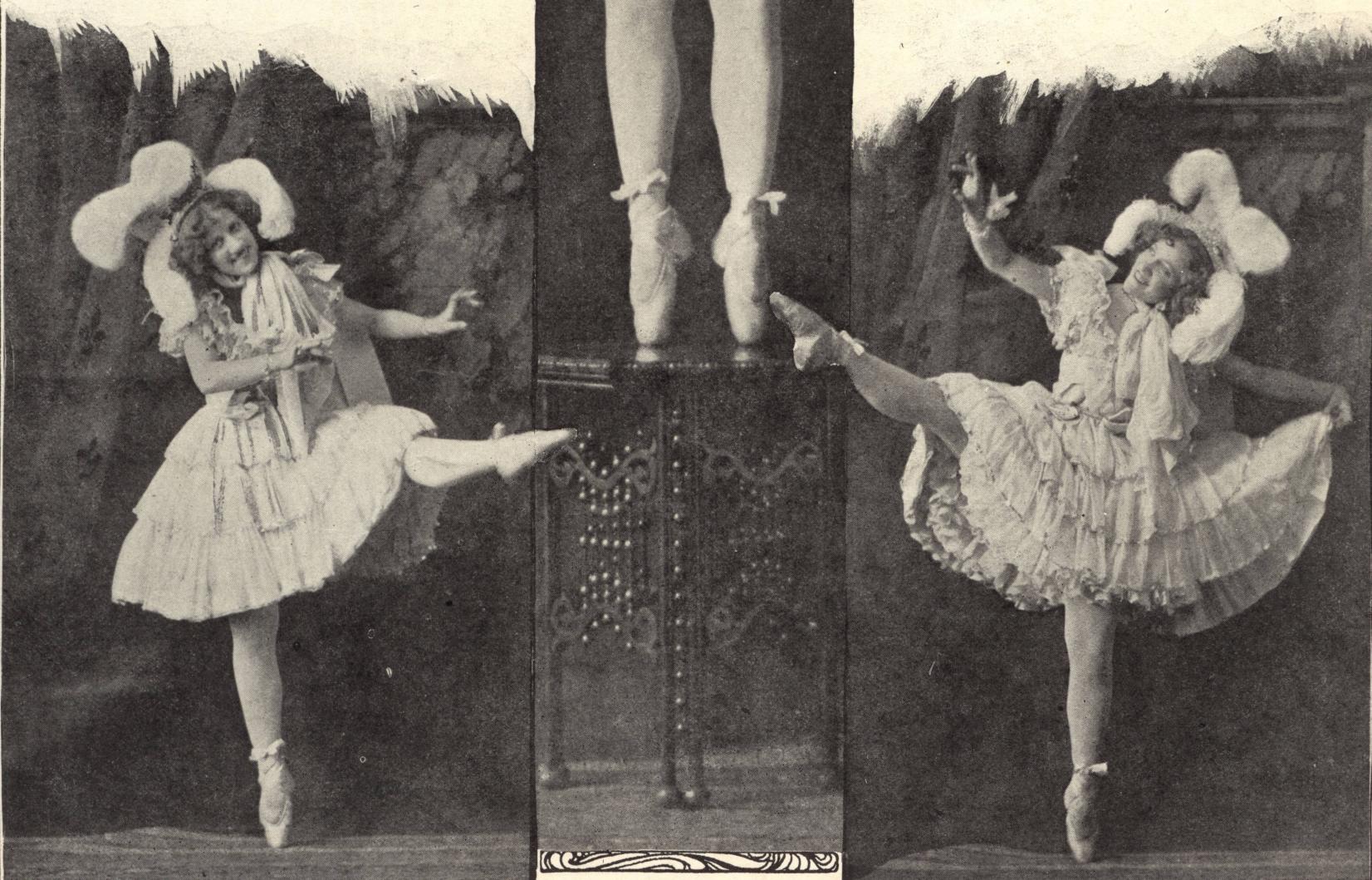
the sprightly American who is toe-dancing in Europe—in Paris, to be more exact. Similar statements are made about other American dancers who are really "looking for work" on the continent, but Miss Mazie is not. Proof that she had a picture taken in Berlin may be had by a close scrutiny of the artist's name on the photograph.



Paris, 31/3/901.
New York Standard
Dear Sirs

Enclosed find
two of my latest photos
taken in Berlin during
my successful engagement
at the "Odeon" Lander
and now at the "Olympia"
Paris. Yours very truly
Mazie King
P.S. Was delighted to find
your paper on the stands on
the continent. M.K.

Further proof that Miss King's nimble feet are dazzling the eyes of audiences abroad is contained in the above reproduction of the back of one of the photos she sent to THE STANDARD. The style of the letter shows she is a very businesslike young woman. THE STANDARD thinks enough of her to add other pictures to those she sent and devote a page to her.



MAZIE KING, NOW SHOWING PARISIANS HOW TO DANCE.



A KINDERGARTEN PRODUCT WHICH GIVES PROMISE OF SOME DAY DEVELOPING A HIGHER CLASS AND MORE DANGEROUS QUALITY OF DEVILTRY.



ONE OF THE CLIMBERS.

Not the kind of climber depicted by Amelia Bingham in her play of society climbing, but a climber just the same. A "climber," in the vernacular, is one who not only aspires to accomplish something, but who leaves nothing undone to attain the end desired. Ninety-nine out of a hundred chorus girls and lesser-lights of the theaters are climbers. They may have entered the business out of curiosity, to satisfy a longing for a giddy career, but there is nothing very giddy about it and all but the one girl in a hundred soon find it out. The ninety-nine may have neglected opportunities, or had none, to climb in other walks of life. As soon as they realize the seriousness of theatrics they have to climb or see themselves restricted to the same old salary. It's a case of fish or cut bait. The ninety-nine prefer to fish.

The climber shown here illustrates the idea. She is only one of the atoms composing the chorus, but it was necessary in the opera for some girl to climb a ladder. The manager said: "Here you—you there, with the black hair—get up there; lively now." The girl didn't simper and wiggle and ask "must I do it?" She did it, just as Alice Nielson, Lillian Russell, Edna Wallace-Hopper, Mabel Gilman or a dozen other present-day stars would have done it once upon a time. They would have considered it a glorious opportunity to climb a ladder. To this little black-haired girl the ladder and the "here you, climb," opened the same vista. She climbed, probably not as well as another girl might; but the point is, she did it. She improved a little during each rehearsal and had two dollars extra added to her weekly salary when the show opened. **Maybe she will not be heard of again, but she started right.**

Gossip Along Broadway.

I took a good look at John Ernest McCann the other day, and it was a look of genuine pleasure. For I said to myself, "There is a man who has resisted fierce temptation for the sake of principle." Mr. McCann was the confidential man of Russell Sage, and that means that he knew before hand of deals in Wall Street that meant all sorts of money. This information to a man without the finest sense of honor meant just so much pure gold, only waiting to be minted. To John Ernest McCann it meant nothing. It was not his, and he left a post at which he could easily have become a wealthy man to devote himself to the writing of verses and plays in which he found the pleasure of his life.

When the report first came that Edna May and Fred Titus were going to make up, and while all the prattling tongues were a-bubble about it my eye happened to light on a little paragraph in an evening paper, and I had half a mind to condense it and cable it to them. The paragraph told of one John Burkett and his wife, of Kokomo, Indiana. Three times have this couple been divorced and four times have they been married. As a good solid precedent I had not heard of anything quite as encouraging as the Kokomo Burkett's. By the by, I wonder whether this should be cited as an extraordinary case of the agreement or disagreement of married couples.

"Allow me to congr-r-r-ation you," rang out on the still air of the cafe at supper time (bed-time supper time), the other evening. I looked to see what the object of this overpowering demonstration was and saw a little pink and white soubrette who had recently secured a divorce. She was seated at a table with three gentlemen, giving what afterwards I discovered to be a sort of Freedom party. The impetuous friend was added to the joyous crowd, and her volatility allowed one of the men to order another bottle without being checked by any restraining influences. Verily the same old juice of the grape serves to celebrate the Union of the Sundering of Fond Hearts.

No one would suspect that Mr. John Drew could be guilty of any sort of comedy that

approximated in the slightest degree buffoonery. But the fact remains that one of the cleverest bits of acting that he does is an imitation of his brother Sidney playing billiards. This exhibition is for private use only, but it is a pity that this is so. It is too funny to be kept on the strict Q. T.

The daily press has been overflowing with reminiscences of Barrymore, and most of them call for little or no comment. There is one exception, however. A writer of a chatty column in a certain conservative sheet makes Barrymore say to a Britisher: "You Englishmen outstrip us in one particular, etc." Shades of the Heptarchy, Boadicia and the Venerable Bede! The idea of Barrymore saying "us" and classing himself as an American. British to the core, British every inch of him, and proud of it!

Alice Neilsen's London triumph is not likely to spoil her. She is too good a fellow for that. I remember talking to her only a few years ago and she had then gone along the Highway of Fame a greater distance than she had ever dared to hope when she started out on the journey. She took what came her way, made the most of it, liked success, but did not sit down and get dazzled looking at it and admiring herself. Every victory gave her courage to tackle something more ambitious and that is the sort of a woman who will not let the plaudits of London Johnnies drown the echoes of the friends who used to give her a hand when she did her little stunts at the Tivoli in San Francisco. A real American girl is not made of that sort of stuff, and Alice Neilsen is a real American girl.

I am interested to know just what will happen when Helen Bertram re-enters London after Miss Neilsen's sensational debut there. Miss Bertram and Miss Neilsen are warm friends. They have tastes in common that extend even to the point of wearing kimonos which are alike, but professional rivalry is a terrible strain on the affections and it will be remembered that Miss Bertram made the hit of her life in dear old England when she displaced Florence St. John in the affections of London play-goers.

I heard a true story last night which illustrates one of the many peculiarities of the life of stage people. It seems that an actress' husband grew, as such people will, jealous of the attention of a very rich young man to his wife. The husband was an actor and playing in the city, and the wife also had an engagement in New York, but at another theater. When the husband finished his



ANOTHER SPECIES OF THE CLIMBER.

This one might be listed as the *Climberus Frivolous*; nobody knows; or, she may have a legitimate object in choosing a wheel and an attitude that suggests the pig-Latin phrase. It's all the same—one has to climb to get on, no matter whether it is a wheel or a foot. So much has been said in ridicule of the short-skirted, rakish-aimed female aboard a bicycle that it is difficult to convince the prejudiced mind that she has any object other than to invite comment. It is a day, though, of things unconventional—unconventional girls as well as unconventional attire, pictures, society, diversion and what-not. If a girl chooses to secure rest in an unconventional attitude—being unimpeded by clothing—the same as would a man or a child, why should she be criticized for it?

It is all in the process of "climbing," getting on. The world is not standing still, though that condition may be assumed to apply to some people who throw up their hands in holy horror because others of the world are moving a little faster. However, if a question of the life or death of the narrow individual depended on someone's quick wit and was up to either a bespectacled, lean prude or an unconventional climber (like this one) for a decision, it's a dollar to a hole in a doughnut that the narrow individual would howl: "I'd rather take chances on the U. C." Sure he would. Her climbing proclivities have fitted her to grasp and handle problems that would give the flutters to the spectacled, conventional holy-horror type. There would be no billion-dollar trusts if the world and everything on it stood still. One has to climb, to climb unconventionally, to get on and there's no good reason for trying to keep the female out of it.

work he hastily donned his street clothes and began a rapid search of all the supper places. Not a trace did he find of the guilty pair. No one had seen them. No one had heard of them. There was good reason for this. They were at his home. The prudent wife fully realized

that he would never think of looking there, and so a dainty little repast was ordered from a near-by hotel famous for its wines and cuisine, and the couple enjoyed an uninterrupted *tete-a-tete* without any annoying presence of the husband or anyone else.

How the gossips will gossip to be sure. I know one pretty soubrette who was divorced, and in the course of three days I learned of her engagement to four different men. Moral: All gossip is unreliable except that of

THE STROLLER.



LOTTIE MEDLEY, SENSIBLE SOUBRETTE.

"SENSIBLE SOUBRETTE" IS NOT ATTACHED TO MISS LOTTIE'S NAME AS A MERRY JEST. SHE IS OF THE SPECIES SOUBrette WHO KNOW THE IMPROPRIETY OF EATING CATSUP WITH OYSTERS, OF WEARING TOO MUCH COLOR IN CHURCH, OF SHAKING HANDS WITH A STRANGER AND THAT SORT OF THING. MISS MEDLEY IS *Countess de Winter*, IN THE "MY LADY" CAST AND IS THE MODEL OF PROPRITY FOR THE MORE OBSCURE AND FRIVOLOUS CREATURES CONTAINED THEREIN. FOR INSTANCE, WHEN THE VOLCANIC EVA TANGUAY OVERSTEPPED THE BOUNDS OF GOOD ETIQUETTE AND PUSHED JESSIE JORDAN'S FACE WITH SOME VIGOR AGAINST THE THEATER'S BRICK WALL, MISS MEDLEY TOLD THE IMPETUOUS EVA HOW MUCH MORE PROPER, HOW MUCH MORE LADYLIKE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TO LAY FOR JESSIE OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOOR AND JAB HER WITH A HAT PIN. IT IS SUCH SUPERIORITY AS THIS IN LITTLE THINGS THAT MARKS THE REAL LADY.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery. CISSY GRANT,

a Scranton, Pa., individual requests the appearance of another picture of Cissy Grant. He says he "knewed" her years ago, and that she is a "favorit" up in the coal regions. That may be, but Miss Cissy travels with high-class attractions now and poses before fashionable cameras and the coal regions may never see her again.



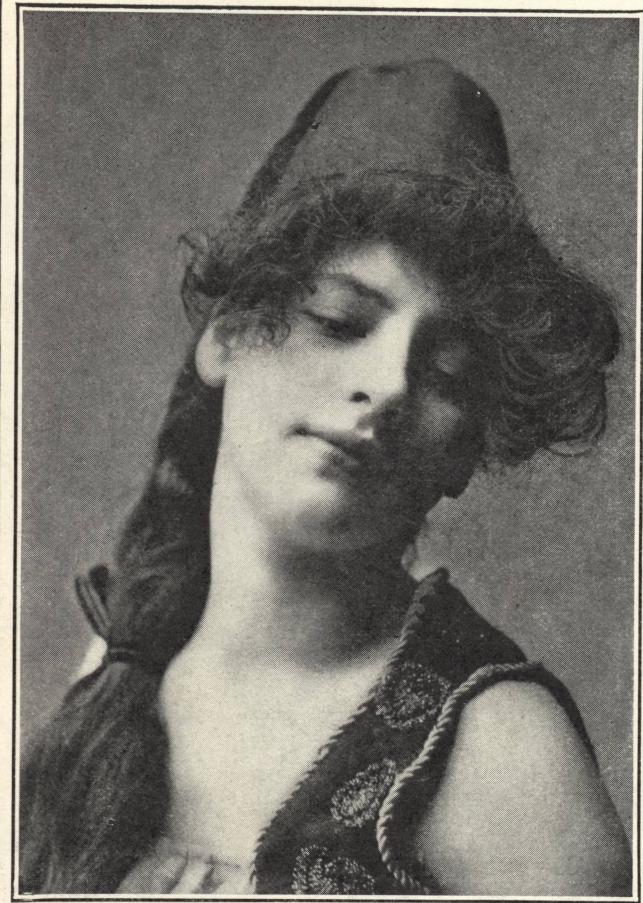
Photo by Baker Art Gallery.



Photo by Chickering.
ALICE JUDSON,

MAUD GORDON,

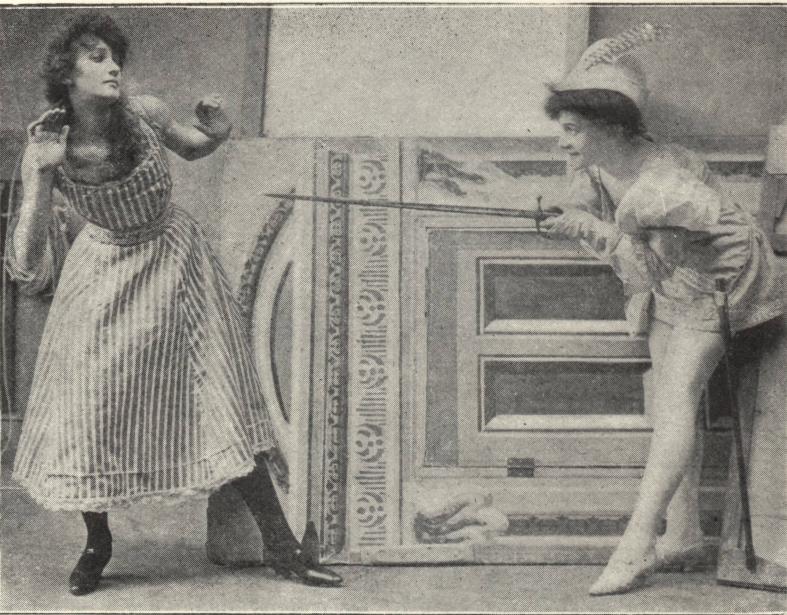
dietist, is not to be outdone by her professional sisters who affect an interest in the Christian Science, suffragist or other current problems, Miss Gordon steps to the front in advocacy of the diet which precludes meats, starchy foods, sweets and abnormal fluid potions. She indignantly refutes the suspicion that her increasing embonpoint has anything to do with her dieting—says it is subservience to a natural law. Possibly so, but it will be asked: What was the portly Miss Gordon's limit before she began to diet?



HORTENSE JACOBSON,
a young New York Jewess of the petite type. Miss Jacobson's yearning
for the stage is opposed by her mamma, but picture-posing on the way home
from school is an occupation to which Jacobson's mother has not
filed objections.



Copyright by Fredericks.
AMELIA BINGHAM,
promotor of up-to-date society drama and
leading figure in "The Climbers," the play
of that type, at the Bijou. Miss Bingham
is slated for the presidency of the Profes-
sional Woman's League. She proposes leas-
ing the Criterion Theater, London, and pre-
senting "The Climbers" there this summer.



A BROADWAY HOLD-UP.

"I thought you said you were an expert swordswoman."
"Well, I am."
"Then why did you prick me in the foot?"
"Because I wanted to."
"No, you meant to jab me in the heart, for you said you would have my 'heart's blood.'"
"I know I said so; but I thought your heart was in your shoes. It was in your throat—an
error of judgment."



ELSIE DE VERE,

looking conscious of the fact
that she was awarded third prize
at the Paris Exposition Beauty Show.



DEMORE,
another Parisienne dancer, one who has essayed a skirt dance similar to that introduced in Paris by Loie Fuller, the American premier, whom the French have not been able to equal.

HAYGATE.
CORRELÉ.
TREON.
FAVIER.
CLAIRES.
BLONDIN.

FAVETTE,
in a misleading pose signifying protection to the flowers. Blossoms to the value of hundreds of dollars sit tramples, nightly in her sensational flower dance in Paris.



Photo by Morrison.

GRACE REALS,
one of the western brigade of actresses, and who may be seen in the East next season. She is with the Dearborn stock company.

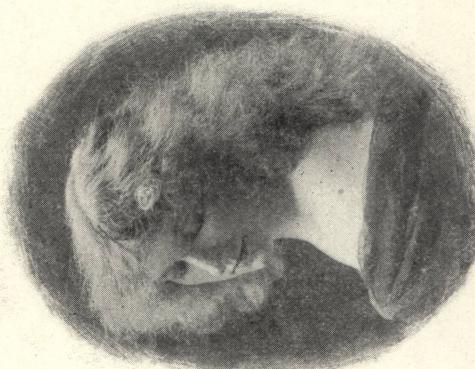


Photo by White.

MISS SAYRE,
in another suggestion of how she will look while seeking some attention from London theatergoing folk.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

VAIL D'VERNON,
over whose identity there is a film in keeping with Miss D'Vernon's first name. Until proved to the contrary, she will be listed as a photographers' model.



Photo by White.

MISS SAYRE,
who was seen during the winter in the Weber & Fields' chorus, but who has gone to London with the Edna May company.



Photo by Sarony.

JESSIE MILLWARD,

who, with Arthur Collins, is to lease the Prince of Wales' or Garrick Theater, London. Mr. Collins is now conducting the negotiations. Miss Millward expects to open the season in October. She was one of Charles Frohman's chief stars at the Empire Theater as *Lady Eastney* and *Countess Zicka*, respectively, in "Mrs. Dane's Defence" and "Diplomacy." Miss Millward has bought for the London house "In the Palace of the King," Viola Allen's last success. No decision has been reached as to other plays and the players have not been engaged. Miss Millward will spend the summer on the continent.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

NELLIE RUSSELL.

When an actress foregoes tights, it is a sign they are getting along in—years? Miss Russell does not pose in soubrette costume any more. She appears photographically in head and shoulders only now; which is not necessarily an aspersion on the lady's age, though, of course, she is not as young as she was once.



DERONDA MAYO,

a really amiable young woman and not nearly as dangerous as she looks. It can be safely asserted she would not throw dishes nor sulk. If she had any of those characteristics she could not be the vivacious member she is of Henry E. Dixey's "The Adventures of François," in which bit of nonsense Miss Mayo is cast as *Pauline*.



Photo by Werner.

ANNA LAUGHLIN,

not a school girl nor a school boy, though one would be pardoned in assuming she was either. Miss Laughlin has passed the unsophisticated period. She is a full-fledged actress and at last accounts was playing in "The Belle of Bohemia," in which musical farce she graduated from *Saharet* to *Geraldine* (matinee girl), the rôle which was originally sustained by Irene Bentley.



Photos by Pach Bros.

SCENES FROM "LADY MUNSWORTH'S EXPERIMENT," WHICH LASTED THREE MONTHS AT DALY'S THEATER, AND THEN GAVE WAY TO THE TUNEFUL "SAN TOY" AND JAMES T. POWERS AND COMPANY. MR. POWERS AS LÍ IS SEEN IN THE LOWER OF THE SECOND SET OF PICTURES.



Photo by Chickering.

MABEL HAZLETON,
one of the first to imagine that a blackened
front tooth, indicating the real absence of
ivory, was a means of encouraging ardent
glances from the front rows.



Photo by Sarony.

KATHERINE FLORENCE,
who has scarcely reached there yet, but is
drifting toward the four-hundred-dom in
the world theatrical. Which means she is
one of Charles Frohman's protégés. Her
last season's work included parts in "The
Lash of a Whip" with Henry Miller and
"On and Off" with E. M. Holland at the
Lyceum Theater.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

RHE LORRAINE,
Why girls who visit a photograph gallery
insist on posing on the side of a screen
which is in plain view of everybody is a
mystery.



GERALDINE BRUCE AND ERMINIE EDWARDS,

two "Florodora" specimens. Florodora means Land of Flowers, but it must not be suspected that Misses Bruce and Edwards are buds. They are experienced young ladies of the chorus and that is a few steps removed from the open-eyed wonder of the world the debutante sees. Miss Edwards' versatility will be illustrated in a series of pictures in next week's STANDARD.

Photo by Baker Art Gallery.
DOROTHY USNER.Photo by Chickering.
MARGARET BOURNE.

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A BICYCLE BALLAD.

"Oh, Johnny," the new-made bride remarked,
"You must lend me some of your clothes,
For I want to try my bike to-day,
To see how the old thing goes."

"A shirt—that's nice—with a neat straw hat,
Your gloves, and your necktie, too;
Your new golf stockings—but stay, my pet,
What makes you look so blue?"

"Oh, Mary," he said, "take all I've got,
And ride on your darned old bike,
But please take care how you wear my pants,
For my tailors are out on strike!"

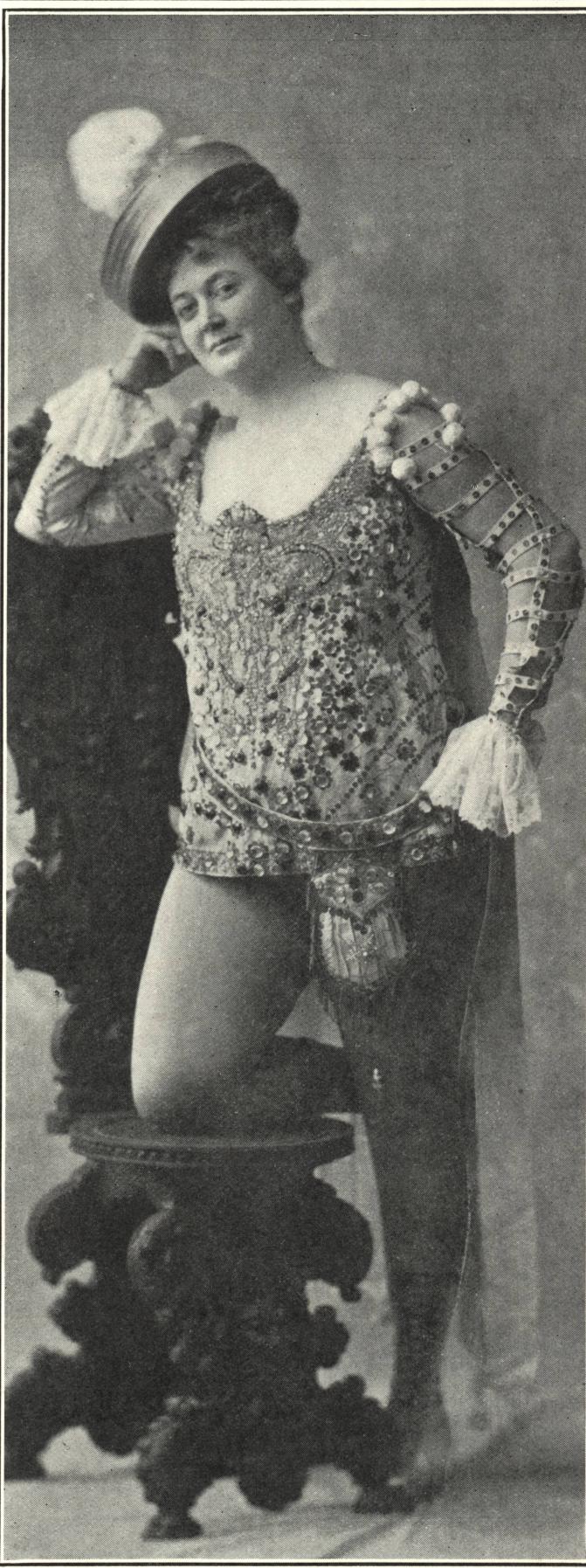


Photo by Baker Art Gallery.

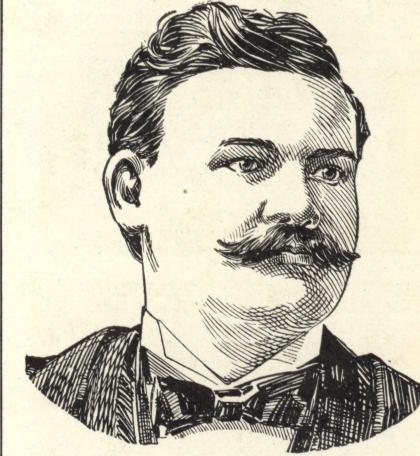
EMMA WESTON.

A woman of lively mental temperament rarely forgets how she "wished she was a boy" when she was young and wore short frocks. There are women who never lose that desire. Of course they cannot wear the conventional masculine attire when they reach the age of discretion—it wouldn't be quite the proper thing—but a more extreme male outfit is perfectly permissible. Strange; isn't it?

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of "The Casino Girl" and labeled "perishable, don't crush." Miss Snyder is not, perhaps, as fragile as thin French china, but she was with Edna May long enough to acquire that notable young woman's apparent don't-jar-me-or-I'll-faint sort of air.

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